

THE BLAST

LYDIA GIBSON

VOL. 1

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 15, 1916

No. 11



HIS BLOODHOUNDS

The Bloodhounds

THE bloodhounds of King Plute are on the trail of THE BLAST. Issue No. 10 has been excluded from the mails by order from Washington. The official objection is against the article, "A Group That Does Things," treating of Birth Control and mentioning the address of the Group. Orders had also been given to suppress the issue of March 15th (No. 9), though part of that issue had been mailed before the arrival of the governmental ukase.

The real reason for the suppression, however, is the fact that THE BLAST is "too strong," as one of the officials told us. "Too strong" for whom? For our readers or for the powers that rule? Have we come to this that any stupid Post Office clerk may decide what is or is not fit for the people to read? Who is this postal authority, anyhow, that presumes to censor our expressions and to dictate our mode of writing? To be sure, our writing may be strong: we write for red-blooded men and women, not for the mollycoddles or corruptionists of the Post Office. And if our frank talk about Wilson and his lackeys, and their plutocratic employers, is not to their taste—so much the worse for them. They have the power—the passing power that rests on popular ignorance—to strangle THE BLAST and jail its editor. But they cannot put chains on thought, nor hold back the hands of Time. Our will is not to be subdued—in or out of prison we shall continue to voice the feelings and thoughts of the suppressed and down-trodden, all governmental censors notwithstanding.

* * *

Have we, or have we not, free speech and free press in this country? With Emma Goldman facing trial in New York for exercising the right of free speech; with the REVOLT, of New York, suppressed by the Post Office, and the Brothers Magon in jail because of their encouragement of the Mexican peons in their great struggle for Land and Liberty—to mention only a few recent cases—it seems to me that only the wilfully blind can persist

in the belief that we have free speech or free press in this country.

These things are a myth. In America, as in the European monarchies, we enjoy only that modicum of freedom of speech and press which is palatable to the masters. There is free speech for those only who voice popular ideas—ideas approved of by the powers that be. But free speech has no significance whatever unless it means freedom to express unpopular ideas. The essence of progress consists in giving a hearing to the new and the unpopular. These, when approved and accepted, finally become popular. But before it has the opportunity to prove its worth, every untried idea is necessarily unpopular, because new. That is not saying that everything new is necessarily worthy and useful. But in order that we may separate the chaff from the wheat, every idea must be sure of a hearing. That is the meaning of free speech and free press: absolute freedom of expression.

It is in the interest of the lords of life to allow only as much, and the kind of, expression that does not militate against their power and influence. But where expression begins to undermine the foundations of that power, where it lays hold of the roots of the false ideas supporting our social structure of lies, robbery and murder, there permitted freedom ceases. When seriously threatened, the Beast of Privilege cries, "Halt! So far and no farther!"

But we are determined to ignore the Beast and its rules, its cries of rage and its cries of pain. We urge those who believe in real, unconditional freedom of speech and press to manifest their attitude by helping us in this important fight. Deprivation of postal service has put us to heavy expense. We ask our friends to co-operate with us and thus aid our determination to fight for uncensored freedom of expression.

Alexander Berkman

To the Enemies of Free Speech

Wm. Francis Barnard

AS WELL to lay your hands upon the Sun
And try with bonds to bind the morning light,
As well on the Four Winds to spend your might,
As well to strive against the Streams that run;
As well to bar the Seasons, bid be done
The Rain which falls; as well to blindly fight
Against the Air, and at your folly's height

Aspire to make all power that is, be none.
As well to do all this as to impeach
Man's tongue, and bid it answer to the schools;
As well to do all this, as give us rules,
And bid us hold our words within your reach;
As well all this, as try to chain man's speech.
So others learned before ye lived, O fools!

The Crimes of Governments

Josiah Warren

NOTHING is more common than the remarks that "no two persons are alike," that "circumstances alter cases," that "we must agree to disagree," etc.; and yet we are constantly forming institutions which require us to be alike, which make no allowance for the individuality of persons or of circumstances, and which render it necessary for us to agree, and leave us no liberty to differ from each other, nor to modify our conduct according to circumstances.

On what, then, rest all customs and institutions which demand conformity? They are all directly opposed to the individuality, and therefore false. Every one is by nature constituted to be his or her own government, his own law, his own church—each individual is a system within himself; and the great problem must be solved with the broadest admission of the inalienable right of supreme individuality, which forbids any attempt to govern each other, and confines all our legislation to the adjustment and regulations of our intercourse or commerce with each other.

To require uniformity in thought, feeling, or action, is a fundamental error in human legislation—a madness which would

be equaled only by requiring all to possess the same countenance, the same voice, or the same stature.

Each individual should be at all times free to differ from every other in thought, feeling, word, and deed; and free to differ from himself, or to change from time to time; in other words, every one is constituted by nature to be, at all times, sovereign of himself, or herself, and of everything that constitutes a part of his or her individuality. Society, to be harmonious and successful, must be so constituted that there shall be no demand for an outward show of conformity or uniformity—that no person must have any power over the persons or interests of others; but that every one shall be, at all times, the supreme "law unto himself."

Theorists have told us that laws and governments are made for the security of person and property; but it must be evident to most minds that they never have, never will accomplish this professed object. Although they have had all the world at their control for thousands of years, they have brought it to a worse condition than that in which they found it, in spite of the immense improvements in mechanism, division of labor, and other

elements of civilization. On the contrary, under the plausible pretext of securing person and property, they have spread wholesale destruction, famine, and wretchedness in every frightful form over all parts of the earth, where peace and security might otherwise have prevailed. They have shed more blood, committed more murders, tortures and other frightful crimes in the struggles against each other for the privilege of governing, than society ever would or could have suffered in the total absence of all governments whatever! It is impossible for any one who can read the history of governments, and the operations of laws, to feel secure in person or property under any form of government, or any code of laws whatever. They invade the private household, they impertinently meddle with, and in their blind and besotted wantonness presume to regulate, the most sacred individual feelings. No feelings of security, no happiness can exist in the governed under such circumstances. They set up rules or laws to which they require conformity, while conformity is impossible, and while neither rulers nor ruled can tell how the laws will be interpreted or administered till they have been repeatedly infringed, and punishment has been inflicted; under such circumstances no security for the governed can exist.

A citizen may be suddenly hurried away from his home and despairing family, shut up in a horrid prison, charged with a crime of which he is totally innocent; he may die in prison or on the gallows, and his family may die of mortification and broken

hearts. No security can exist where this can happen; yet all these are the operations of laws and governments, which are professedly instituted for the "security of person and property."

Rulers claim a right to rise above, and control, the individual, his labor, his trade, his time, and his property, against his own judgment and inclination, while security of person and property cannot consist in anything less than having the supreme government of himself and all his own interests; therefore, security cannot exist under any government whatever.

They compel the individual to desert his family, and risk or lay down his life in wars in which he feels no wish to engage. They leave him no choice, no freedom of action upon those very points where his most vital interests, his deepest sympathies are at stake. He can feel no security under governments.

Great crimes are committed by the government of one nation against another, to gratify the ambition or lust of rulers; the people of both nations are thus set to destroy the persons and property of each other, and would be murdered as traitors if they refused. This is the "security of person and property" afforded by governments. With regard to security, we see that in the wide range of the world's bloody history there is not any one horrid feature so frightful, so appalling as the recklessness, the cold-blooded indifference with which laws and governments have sacrificed person and property in their wanton, their criminal career of self-aggrandisement, instead of protecting person and property.

The Modern Wage Slave

Hugh McGee

TODAY the man who works for wages, either by the hour, week or month, has no knowledge of the value of his work or the value of the product of his work. He is paid a wage which is only the amount necessary to provide him with food, clothing and shelter, so that he may continue working for his boss. The wages vary in different parts of the country only so much as living conditions are either higher or lower, and he must adapt himself to the fixed wage or starve.

The wage worker does not know why certain jobs pay 17 cents an hour and other jobs pay \$100 a month. He only knows that for certain work a certain wage is paid in all parts of the civilized world. Being compelled to accept conditions as they are, he has never questioned the value of the product of his work. Wage slavery is a mystery. There is no apparent slavery to the man who can at any time quit his job and look for another master.

In the days of feudal slavery, when only the priest and noble had the advantages of a liberal education, the peasant or serf of the eighteenth century, though unable to read or write and whose world was limited to his master's field or estate, was still able to understand his

position in society and there was no mystery about it.

He was given an acre or two of ground, which was his and his children's to enable them to supply the necessities of life. Its use was granted him so long as he worked for and supplied his feudal master with all his necessities and luxuries. He worked perhaps two hours to provide his own absolute needs and ten or twelve hours for his master. He could see the inequality of the arrangement, but resigned himself to the will of God as he was told by the priest, who acted as his master's representative.

Today the slave's material condition is better, though his position in society is that of servant or slave. No man is free whose right to work, so that he may live, depends on the interests of another man. Today the mastership is determined by the ownership and control of the land, the factories, the mines, the stores, the railroads and the immense and complicated tools that are now used. The slave condition is shown by the wage worker's dependence for even existence upon the master, who has the power to deny to the worker, at any time, an opportunity to work and thus deprive him of the only means to maintain his existence.

The State Superstition

ALONG with the tacit assumption that State authority over citizens has no assignable limits, which is an assumption proper to the militant type, there goes an unhesitating faith in State judgment, also proper to the militant type. Bodily welfare and mental welfare are consigned to it without the least doubt of its capacity. Having by struggles through centuries deposed a power which, for their alleged *eternal* good, forced on men its teachings, we invoke another power to force its teachings on men for their alleged *temporal* good. The compulsion once supposed to be justified in religious instruction by the infallible judgment of a pope is now supposed to be justified in secular instruction by the infallible judgment of a parliament; and thus, under penalty of imprisonment for resistance, there is established an education bad in matter, bad in manner, bad in order.

—HERBERT SPENCER

The Thieves' Convention

Ellis O. Jones

A NUMBER of thieves were conversing.

"I was not punished," said one; "I merely stole franchises, and they became vested rights before the people realized it."

"I was not punished," said another; "I was a public official and stole from the public. They only made me pay it back."

"They did not punish me," said a third; "I stole more than the people could count."

"I was not punished," said the banker; "I only stole from depositors. They have no rights which are bound to be respected."

"I was not punished," said the politician; "I stood in with the machine which could not afford to lose one of its trusted members."

"I was not punished," said the man of social prominence; "there were too many involved with me."

"I was punished," said the wage-worker; "I had no money, no friends and no job. I stole a loaf of bread to keep my family from starvation."

THE BLAST

Revolutionary Labor Paper
Published every 1st and 15th of the month
569 Dolores St., San Francisco, Cal.

Mail Address, Box 661

Phone, Park 499

Alexander Berkman, Editor and Publisher
E. B. Morton, Associate Editor M. E. Fitzgerald, Manager

SUBSCRIPTION
\$1.00 Yearly 60c Six Months 5c Copy

Bundle rates 2½c per copy in bundles of ten.

Advertising rates on application.

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at San Francisco, Cal., January 14, 1916, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Reflections

The Magon Case

IT IS sad and disgraceful that the militant elements of Los Angeles permit Ricardo and Enrique Flores Magon to remain so long in jail, for lack of bail. I personally know a number of radical men and women in that city who could, with a little effort, supply the required bond of \$10,000 for the Magon Brothers. Why is it not done? Surely there is no one in the revolutionary movement deserving our active sympathy and aid more than these two men. They have given the best years of their lives to the cause of liberty; they have repeatedly suffered imprisonment for their loyalty to struggling Mexico, and now they are again in the hands of the enemy.

The charge against the Magons and Wm. C. Owen (editor of the English section of *Regeneracion*) primarily involves the freedom of press. There is undoubtedly a systematic attempt on the part of the Federal authorities to silence every voice that dares protest against tyranny at home and abroad, or to enlighten the public concerning the schemes of our political and commercial pirates. The *Revolt*, of New York, has been suppressed; two issues of *THE BLAST* have been excluded from the mails; Ricardo and Enrique Flores Magon are in jail for advising the peons to resist oppression, and now Washington is about to suppress *Regeneracion* by depriving it of second-class mail rights.

The workers, as a mass, do not yet realize that the persecution of such men as the Magons, or the suppression of fearless and outspoken voices, is the *direct concern of Labor*. Every unresisted act of tyranny strengthens the hands of the masters and rivets the stronger the chains of our dependence and obedience. To the shame of the labor movement of this country be it said, there has been hardly any mention of the Magon case in the official labor organs. The union politicians are too busy with "more vital issues"; namely, making more secure their own sinecures in the unions and preserving the good will and respect of the bosses. But the radical labor element knows that the suppression of the least among us is a blow to each and all of us. It is therefore a matter of self-defense on their part to bend all energies toward arousing public sentiment in behalf of the Magons and of all others threatened by the Masters' bloodhounds. Help us therefore to crystallize a strong sentiment that shall force the authorities to release their strangle-hold on those who, of stronger fiber than the average, dare to challenge the powers of darkness.

Courage vs. Meekness

ACCORDING to information sent out by the Transportation Brotherhoods' Bureau, of Cleveland, Ohio, the

railway train crews and switchmen are making efforts to secure an 8-hour workday. The unit of wage payment is now based on the moving of rolling stock 100 miles at ten miles per hour. The men are asking for eight hours, or twelve and a half miles per hour; 100 miles in eight hours, and time and one-half for overtime after eight hours.

The conditions under which railway employees are now working are nothing short of slavery. Crews on dead freight service, or what is called "slop freight," are on the road 14 hours out of every 24. They spend an additional hour, after they get in, washing up and looking after the engine, and then, tired and sleepy, they are "free" to go home to wife and family. After eight hours they are given a two-hour call at the end of the rest period, to go on another fourteen or fifteen-hour trip. Thus these men have only 1½ waking hours at home—hardly enough time to get acquainted with their families.

Consider that the 309,177 men involved in this effort to secure better conditions belong to the most important industry of the country: without them all transportation would come to a standstill and thus all other industries immediately paralyzed. The official organ of these workers solemnly informs us that "their demands are just," and that, therefore, all right-thinking men should aid them. But in what manner can they be aided, except they help themselves? It is not outside aid they require. What they most need is the intelligence and determination to make good their demands by carrying them into action. They are not asking for a higher wage. They want shorter hours. Suppose these men agree *among themselves* to work 8 hours and *then quit*. Wouldn't that be more sensible and effective than begging the railroad magnates to please give them permission to do what they themselves have the power to accomplish?

A Pertinent Lesson

THE REAL purpose behind the demand for a large army has been made clear in Congress when the Hay army bill was passed by the lower house. Proposed amendments to prohibit the use of the National Guard for strike duty were promptly ruled out of order. Why should the militia *not* be used to suppress strikers? In truth, no good reason can be given. It would practically mean the abolition of the National Guard, since it has no other reason for existence. And surely no one dreams of even proposing such an unpatriotic thing.

We call the attention especially of the labor unions on the Coast to the stand Congress has taken in the matter. In view of the strenuous effort of certain "labor" leaders to spider-web the unions into the militia, the frank admission of our national legislators on this subject ought to pierce even the hard coco of the "practical" union man who eternally shouts for "harmony" between tiger and lamb.

The Spirit We Need

A LITTLE boy in Des Moines, Iowa, eleven years of age, refused to salute the American flag. To do so was against his convictions, he said. He remained steadfast even when threatened with prison. The boy, Hubert Eaves, is a Negro, which circumstance heightens our appreciation of his unusual manfulness and courage. Incidentally, it holds out the hope that not all of his race in this country have been demoralized by the Booker T. Washington ideal of becoming contented and obedient slaves.

A kindly Christian judge sentenced the boy to 9 years' prison. Now Hubert is in jail—over which proudly floats the Stars and Stripes, the emblem of freedom and liberty

of conscience. But even in prison the young Negro is worth more than the flag.

Would we had more of his strength of purpose and character in the radical and labor ranks. This country would then be more fit for decent men and women to live in.

Effective Protest

THERE is no doubt that the Russian Revolution of 1906 had a powerful effect upon China. The efforts of the radical and revolutionary elements of that country, struggling for greater liberties for their people, were much stimulated by the example of the Russian people and the inspiration of Russian refugees in China. Their work finally culminated in the Chinese revolution of 1911.

The god-chosen emperor was irreligiously forced to abdicate, a constitution and parliament were established, with Yuan Shi Kai as president. So far as the welfare of the people is concerned, the change was merely nominal, as all political changes are. But the revolution destroyed the age-old popular awe of the "divine" emperor and fear of his authority. More than that, the dictatorship of the President did not long remain unchallenged by the people. The revolution continued, and the republican rulers of China were so hard pressed that they resorted to the extremity of converting the republic back into a monarchy, with Yuan Shi Kai as Emperor. But the clock of time cannot be turned backward. The people, having once tasted a little liberty, demanded more. Great Britain, Russia and Japan protested against the re-establishment of the monarchy. Yuan ignored the demands of those feared governments. The protest of the people, however, could not be ignored. The popular uprising against Emperor Yuan forced the government to submit, and now the republic has been restored in China, and all indications point to it that President Yuan will be forced to abdicate.

These events in China strikingly demonstrate the effectiveness of Direct Action. The voice of the people, expressed directly and firmly, is more potent and compelling than all the protests of the most powerful governments.

Forbidden Knowledge

THE CASE of Emma Goldman will be heard in the New York Courts on April 20th. She is charged with giving information on Birth Control: teaching the mothers of the poor how to have better and fewer children. It is a terrible crime to give knowledge to the people; that is, the kind of knowledge that may rob the masters of factory slaves and cannon fodder.

Emma Goldman is guilty; she has spent her whole life in giving the people forbidden knowledge. If the Courts convict her, it will be strictly according to law, which is there to protect the overlords against too much knowledge on the part of the masses. But she will *not* be convicted if the intelligent people, who realize the importance of Birth Control propaganda, will sound a warning, personal and collective, to the masters of life, as represented by the judges and prosecuting attorneys of the courts.

The Press Harlot

THE ECHO of the Crones newspaper poisoning has hardly died away, when another similar canard is let loose upon the gullible public. "A world-wide Anarchist conspiracy to do away with various royal heads in Europe and America." If the newspapers would give publicity to this idea as a suggestion for useful effort, the matter might

be worth considering. But to palm off a stale old lie as an actual fact is neither "news" nor original. It reminds one of a worn-out old prostitute protesting her virginity. I wonder in what besotted reporter brain this kind of "news" has its source. If such a performance at least had even the shadow of plausibility; but evidently our great news dispensers think any stale fake good enough for their readers.

Even "liberal" papers like the San Francisco *Bulletin* fill their columns with these disgusting drippings of the old press harlot. Thus the brain syphilis is spread among the people. No wonder things are rotten.

Who Is Manufacturing "News"?

A PRESS opinion from THE BLAST of San Francisco, reproduced on page 229 of *The Public*, attributed to "an enterprising Associated Press man" the sending out of a fake interview in regard to the alleged poisoner, Jean Crones, with Alexander Berkman in New York when he happened to be in San Francisco. The matter being brought to the attention of General Manager Melville E. Stone of the Associated Press by Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard of the New York *Evening Post* brought the following response:

I have your memorandum to Roy Martin transmitting copy of *The Public* with a clipping from THE BLAST at San Francisco, referring to an interview with Alexander Berkman, respecting Jean Crones. We have investigated the matter and find that we did not interview Berkman nor did we carry any story in relation to it.

The Associated Press is thus absolved of responsibility. But the fact remains that papers throughout the country did report a false interview of that kind in the form of a New York dispatch. These papers must know the agency from which they obtained it. Since this agency was not the Associated Press, it is the duty of the papers to expose the guilty one. The Chicago *Tribune* of February 20, for instance, had the following included in a long dispatch under a New York date line:

That Crones is a murderous maniac, following the impulses of his own disordered mentality is the belief not only of Emma Goldman, but also of Ben Reitman and Alexander Berkman.

Emma Goldman, as well as Berkman, has denied that such an interview took place. The incident, while in itself of little importance, shows how "news" is manufactured to suit the real or supposed prejudices of newspaper readers and publishers. Perhaps one of the papers which published this false dispatch may be public-spirited enough to name its source.

S. D. in *The Public*

The Power of the Plutocrat

I THINK that nowadays if—I do not say some prominent villain such as Nero, but—some most ordinary man of business wished to make a pond of human blood for diseased rich people to bathe in when ordered to do so by their learned medical advisers, he would not be prevented from arranging it, if only he observed the accepted and respectable forms; that is, did not use violence to make people shed their blood, but got them into such a position that they could not live without shedding it; and if, also, he engaged priests and scientists: the former to consecrate the new pond as they consecrate cannons, ironclads, prisons and gallows; and the latter to find proofs of the necessity for wars and bloodshed.

—LEO TOLSTOY

A Word to the Fearful

David Leigh

SOMETHING has happened in San Francisco. Something *always* happens when those who see, Act. In this case a youth has done the work, a mere boy who, by the strength of his simplicity and purpose, has stripped conventional power of its meaning.

Joseph Macario is the name of the defendant. He with others has broken the law, openly, defiantly, deliberately. He was charged with the offense of outraging "decency" by giving out information on methods of Birth Control. But Joseph Macario didn't cringe or hang his head when arraigned for his transgression. Instead, he stood up and faced his accusers like a man, knowing in his heart that pretense must fade when it is confronted by fearless reality.

This case came up in the police court. The judge, after a perfunctory hearing, pronounced sentence of six months against the accused, on the ground that the matter in question—leaflets containing information about preventives—was "indecent." Then Joseph was thrown in the cage and left to wrestle with the bugs which are bred from the monstrous thing we commonly designate "order." Apparently, the club of misrule had won the day, and the prisoner settled down to pay the price blind men exact as a tribute from those who see.

Only Joseph smiled as sentence was pronounced. He smiled as he entered the cage. He smiled after the Keeper had turned the key on him. But those who believed he had done right didn't smile. They glowered instead, and a glower from one who feels has the power of hitting the mark before a blow is struck. This is the proof:

In that court room were Women, a number of them, women who were not tattered, who were not "poor," who had committed no crime but who had, upon seeing what happens to right when it collides with might, made up their minds that if "crime" must be committed in order to show club-men that they and their laws are in error, then "crime" they should have to the limit of woman's capacity. *The women who sat there in that court were going to break the law which keeps their sisters in pain, and break it so forcefully that its shattered pieces could never again take on form!*

The judge, however, had said that he would give answer the following day as to whether or not the boy should have a new trial. He might change his mind. Decrees do now and then. Meantime, the following letter was sent to him expressing the resentment and determination of these women; the letter was mailed in sufficient time for the judge to receive and read it before the opening of his court session:

1539 Clay Street, San Francisco,
March 30, 1916.

Judge Sullivan
Police Court
Hall of Justice
San Francisco

Sir: I was in your court room this morning to attend the hearing of Joseph Macario, the Italian boy whom you sentenced to serve six months in jail for the crime of imparting knowledge on methods of Birth Control. I wish to say here and now, in such a way that you cannot possibly misunderstand me, that I do not merely approve but enthusiastically commend such action as this boy and his fellow workers have taken. In my estimation no better work could possibly be done than that of informing poor, ignorant, misguided women how to lessen their own misery and that of their offspring. Any means which will make for the dissemination of knowledge calculated to stem needless pain, is in my judgment deserving of plaudits instead of censure. And this plainly is the purpose and accomplishment of the defendant in this case.

And let me say to you now that even if I had not been of this opinion prior to attending a single session of your court proceedings, one such ordeal would have been sufficient to convince me of the imperative need of spreading information of this character. Never in my life have I witnessed such scenes of degrading horror as I saw while sitting there in your official precinct, none of it chargeable to Birth Control—for Birth Control does not yet obtain. To me it was the epitome of all that lives by fear, brutality and leaden cowardice; and there was no mistaking the fact that the appalling result evidenced in your court was due to the very lack of intelligence you condone by passing judgment on this boy, Joseph Macario. How you or any other man could see those poverty-stricken women come in, babes in arms, and remain dumb to the fact that Birth Control enlightenment is what they need, is more than my mentality can fathom.

For your information I will state that I was a professional nurse for twelve years, during which time I came to know the torture and terror that poverty and ignorance inflict upon their victims. I know whereof I speak when I say that the greatest of all crimes is to wilfully withhold information from those who need it. There never was a greater impertinence than that of pseudo-superiority which arrogates to itself the right to impose its shallowness on those who are too weak to resist imposition.

As to your conclusion that the leaflet in question is "indecent": Intelligent opinion is not in accord with you. Scientists, men and women of culture and sympathy, all individuals who make a sincere claim to an understanding of life, unanimously concur in the belief that there is nothing "indecent" about *any* information which aims at improved conditions and better health for the community, individually and collectively. It is only the palsied superstition of unawakened conscience which still contends that knowledge, like the king's morsels, should be served on gold plates to those who have the price.

In conclusion, I repeat that you are representing the middle ages and not progress when you take the attitude you do in this case. Don't think for a moment that your little decree or any other little judge's decree is going to stop the free dissemination of necessary knowledge. All the judges, jailers and moralists on earth haven't the power to withstand the rising tide of certain betterment which is approaching on the crest of greater intelligence. Joseph Macario has paid in this instance. There will be plenty of others to pay as the battle for free speech and free press is waged and won. For myself, I would feel more honored in the company of this defendant than in that of any one or all of his judges.

Sincerely,

(Signed) REBEKAH E. RANEY.

The following day some, though not all, of the women were found again sitting there on the benches, before Joseph Macario's case was called. There is no anarchist on earth equal to a woman when she means business. The defendant's lawyer had a talk with the judge in his chambers. Two of the women, Mrs. Holloway and Mrs. Marron, told the jurist of the sentiment in this case. Then Joseph Macario was called to the bar. The judge told him there had been a "misunderstanding"; that he hadn't fully understood the case before; that as he now understood it, he saw no reason why information relating to methods of Birth Control should not be given out; and that he, Joseph Macario, guilty as charged, *was free to go and do his work as he saw fit!*

The judge even said to the boy, "If the anarchists have done this work, they have done good work."

And Joseph Macario—glory unto his soul!—answered, "The anarchists *always* do good work."

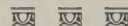
Should one use direct action or beg and sneak and slobber and crawl for the right to live and let others live? The answer is written in the court's action and the boy's liberation. We in San Francisco are free to give necessary information *in the open*, because courage combated cowardice and *took* its own instead of pleading for it!

Long live the Faith that flinches not at Fear!

The Blast Sustaining Fund

FOR APRIL

Lawrence Hazen, Custer, S. D., \$3.00; M. Leites, Seattle, Wash., Land, S. F., \$2.00 each; F. Huber, Rochester N. Y., O. Werner, Ocean Park, Calif., B. Axelrod, Lawrence, Mass., Morris Becker, N. Y., Fred Workman, S. F., Paul Saur, S. F., W. B. Murray, Berkeley, Calif., A. Bers, S. F., \$1.00 each; H. J. Provost, Woodland, Calif., Gustavson, S. F., 50c each; John Braitto, S. F., 40c.



Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of THE BLAST, published semi-monthly in San Francisco, Cal., for April 1, 1916: Publisher, Alexander Berkman, Box 661, San Francisco; Editor, Alexander Berkman, Box 661, San Francisco; Managing Editor, Alexander Berkman, Box 661, San Francisco; Business Manager, M. E. Fitzgerald, Box 661, San Francisco. Owner, Alexander Berkman, Box 661, San Francisco. Bondholders and security holders—none.

ALEXANDER BERKMAN, Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of March, 1916.

Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

(Seal) (My commission expires Aug. 19, 1919.)

PRISON MEMOIRS OF AN ANARCHIST

By Alexander Berkman

"This is the only book that I know which goes deeply into the corrupting, demoralizing psychology of prison life."

—Hutchins Hapgood.

512 pages, illustrated. \$1.15 postpaid.

"Our Business Is to Keep On Killing Germans" ---Father Vaughn

Horace Traubel

"OUR business is to keep on killing Germans."

That's what the English Father Vaughn says. Do you know who he is? He's a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. He's a braggart priest who dares between times to talk of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

How these Christians love one another! How they fight one another! How they rob one another in peace and murder one another in war!

But we mustn't expect too much of an orthodox Christian. If he can worship a god who is capable of a hell hereafter, it's quite natural for him to believe in a man who's capable of a hell here.

No doubt there are just as good Christians in Germany today who are telling Germans that it's their business to keep on killing Englishmen.

Christians have no right to object when we tell on them.

We're not venomous. We don't subject them to our versions. We submit them to their own.

The best way to refute orthodox Christianity is to let it expose itself.

We may occasionally help it do that job. We may quote its masters as I do Vaughn. We may repeat back to it some of its own descriptions of itself.

Father Vaughn evidently feels that hell is so true it might as well begin here and now.

And so he wants to fire up the English hell for Germans at once. And in Germany similar gentle fathers want to fire up the German hell for Englishmen at once.

Christians give me a mixed conception of their theological preferences. They give me the impression of a god who raises hell in heaven and of a devil who raises heaven in hell.

As between this sort of a god and this sort of a devil, give me this sort of a devil. I could get on better with him. He seems to connect better with the sort of human nature I'm a part of and believe in.

I'd rather see the German Empire dead and Germans alive. I'd rather see the English Empire dead and Englishmen alive.

How long will it be the business of English Christians to keep on killing German Christians? How long will it be the business of German Christians to keep on killing English Christians?

Will they keep on killing Germans till there are no more to kill? Will they keep on killing Englishmen till there are no more Englishmen to kill?

Or are the English to keep on killing Germans until the English have killed all the English? Or are the Germans to keep on killing the English until the Germans have killed all the Germans?

For in this killing business the killer gets killed.

Killing may be a boomerang. It may become suicide instead of murder.

The Father doesn't say it's the business of English Christians and German Christians to get together and stop the war.

No.

He says it's their business to get as far apart as possible for loving and as near together as possible for hating.

But the Father should have given us some figures. He should have told us how many Germans he wants killed.

I suppose it's Christian to kill a certain number of Germans and perhaps not Christian to kill any Germans in excess of that certain number.

What is that certain number?

This Shylockian priest wants his pound of flesh.

Jesus forgave everybody. He forgave thieves, whores, plutocrats, liars, hypocrites and priests. Why, Jesus even forgave the virtuous. He even forgave the noble.

But the Father forgives nobody.

If Jesus was alive and was an Englishman I have no doubt he would forgive the Germans. And if He was alive and was a German I have no doubt He would forgive the English.

Maybe Jesus is alive and is in England. And maybe He's alive and is in Germany.

Open your eyes. Look for Him. But don't look for Him in the palaces. Look for Him in the jails.

Open your eyes. Look for Him. But don't look for Him among the so-called patriots. Look for Him among the so-called traitors.

The Father says: "Our business is to keep on killing Germans."

When I hear a frocked fraud talk like that I feel like retorting: "Our business is to keep on killing priests."

The New Doxology

PRAISE God from whom all cyclones blow;
Praise him when rivers overflow,
Praise him who whirls down house and steeple.

Who sinks the ship and drowns the people.
Praise God for dreadful Johnstown flood,
For scenes of famine, plagues and blood.
Praise him who men by thousands drowned,
But saved an image safe and sound;
Praise God when tidal waves do come,
Overwhelming stanch ships nearing home,
Praise him when fell tornadoes sweep
Their swift destruction o'er the deep.
Praise God for poor Dakota's drouth,
For fires and floods in west and south,
Praise him who sends the killing frost,
And Louisville's dread holocaust;
Praise God for the flood of eighty-four,
And the earthquake on the Pacific shore,
Praise God for sorrow, pain and woe,
For railroad wrecks, for storm and snow.
For parsons who, with hook and bell,
Demand your cash or threaten hell.
Praise God for war, for strife and pain,
For earthquake shocks, for tyrants' reign.
Praise him for rack and stake; and then
Let all men cry aloud, Amen.

Young Folks

A True Tale

Charles—Pray, dear papa, let us have a very pretty story.

Father—With all my heart—what shall it be?

Charles—A bloody murder, papa!

Father—A bloody murder! Well, then—Once upon a time, some men dressed all alike . . .

Charles—With black crapes over their faces?

Father—No; they had steel caps on:—having crossed a dark heath, wound cautiously along the skirts of a deep forest.

Charles—They were ill-looking fellows, I dare say.

Father—I cannot say so; on the contrary they were tall, presentable men:—leaving on their right hand an old ruined tower on the hill . . .

Charles—At midnight, just as the clock struck twelve; was it not, papa?

Father—No, really; it was on a fine balmy summer's morning:—and moved forwards, one behind another . . .

Charles—As still as death, creeping along under the hedges?

Father—On the contrary, they walked remarkably upright; and so far from endeavoring to be hushed and still, they made a loud noise as they came along, with several sorts of instruments.

Charles—But, papa, they would be found out immediately.

Father—They did not seem to wish to conceal themselves. On the contrary, they gloried in what they were about—they moved forwards, I say, to a large plain, where stood a pretty village, which they set on fire . . .

Charles—Set a village on fire? Wicked wretches!

Father—And while it was burning, they murdered twenty thousand men.

Charles—O fie! papa! You do not in-

tend I should believe this! I thought all along you were making up a tale, as you often do; but you shall not catch me this time. What! they lay still, I suppose, and let these fellows cut their throats!

Father—No, truly—they resisted as long as they could.

Charles—How should these men kill twenty thousand people, pray?

Father—Why not? The murderers were thirty thousand.

Charles—O, now I have found you out!

You mean a BATTLE.

Father—Indeed I do. I do not know of any murders half so bloody.

CAPITAL "views with alarm"—what? Labor "points with pride"—to what?

PREMIUM

If you like THE BLAST, help us get subscribers. In appreciation of your efforts we will present you with a copy of PRISON MEMOIRS OF AN ANARCHIST for every 6 yearly subscriptions.

San Francisco Headquarters for Radical Literature of All Kinds
New or Old

McDevitt's Book Omnium

1346 Fillmore—Ellis

2079 Sutter—Fillmore

Books Rented at 5c a Week

All Sorts

No Censorship

Come to the

FIRST OF MAY CELEBRATION SOCIAL AND DANCE

Given at

La Boheme Hall

1530 Ellis Street

Sunday, April 30th, 1916, 8 p. m.

Eve of First of May

ADMISSION 15 CENTS

Auspices of Current Events Club

K O T H L E R ' S T R U N K F A C T O R Y

TRUNKS, BAGS &
SUIT CASES MADE
and REPAIRED

707 MISSION STREET

Phone Kearny 2185

Cor. Third

OUR BOOK SHOP

569 Dolores St., San Francisco

By PETER KROPOTKIN	postage
The Great French Revolution, 1789-1793	\$2.25 .20
Mutual Aid	1.00 .15
Memoirs of a Revolutionist	2.00 .20
Conquest of Bread	.50 .05
Fields, Factories and Work-shops	.50 .05
Modern Science and Anarchism	.25
Anarchist Communism	.05
War and Capitalism	.05
An Appeal to the Young	.05

By EMMA GOLDMAN	postage
Anarchism and Other Essays (with Biography)	\$1.00 .10
Social Significance of the Modern Drama	1.00 .15
Anarchism and What it Really Stands For	.10
Syndicalism	.05
Patriotism	.05
Marriage and Love	.10
Victims of Morality and Failure of Christianity	.10
Mother Earth, Anarchist Monthly, 10c a copy	\$1.00 a year
Bound Volumes	2.00 .15

PRISON MEMOIRS OF AN ANARCHIST, By Alexander Berkman	\$1.25 .15
SELECTED WORKS OF VOLTAIRINE de CLEYRE	1.00 .15
ANARCHISM, By Dr. Paul Eltzbacher	1.00 .15

A clear-cut, impartial analysis of the various Anarchist theories by a scientific investigator.	
LIBERTY and the GREAT LIBERTARIANS	1.00 .15

Compiled by Charles T. Sprading. The first anthology on liberty. An indispensable book.	
THE FRUITS OF CULTURE, by Leo Tolstoi	.25c

THE EGO AND HIS OWN, by Max Stirner	\$0.75 .15
FREE SPEECH FOR RADICALS, by Theodore Schroeder	.25

SPEECHES OF THE CHICAGO ANARCHISTS	.75 .10
SYNDICALISM AND THE CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH, by Pataud and Pouget	.50 .10

SONGS OF LOVE AND REBELLION, by Covington Hall	.50
THE LITTLE REVIEW, Margaret Anderson, Editor (Chicago). A bold literary iconoclast	15c a copy

EVERYMAN, monthly by Luke North (Los Angeles)	10c a copy
---	------------

ALL-DAY GRAND PICNIC

Sunday, April 16th, 1916
Beginning 10 a. m.

BAYVIEW PARK

Music, Dancing, FREE Barbecue, Clams, Spaghetti, Wine. Free Souvenir

Address by
ALEXANDER BERKMAN

Benefit Group Volontà and THE BLAST
Ticket 50c

Directions: Take No. 16 car on Kearny St.; get off at 34th Ave. Ten minutes' walk to Park.

